

## No need to hurt yourself. by explicit\_slug (big\_slug)

**Series:** [Welcome to Hawkins, Indiana!](#) [5]

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** After S2, Angst, F/M, Family Fluff, Good Parent Joyce Byers, Hurt/Comfort, Masturbation, One Shot, Parent-Child Relationship, Parent/Child Incest, Sleepy Cuddles, Smut

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Jonathan Byers/Joyce Byers, Joyce Byers/Will Byers

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-07-09

**Updated:** 2018-07-09

**Packaged:** 2022-04-22 05:08:53

**Rating:** Explicit

**Warnings:** Underage

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 5,297

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

The Byers house isn't exactly a place where normal people reside. Not anymore.

Sequel to 'A good mother.'

## No need to hurt yourself.

### Author's Note:

Okay... this is a thing now.

They all got their happy ending, like in one of those old European fairytales. Snow White. Cinderella. Beauty and the Beast.

Except, it really isn't a happy ending. It's tinged with sadness, loss, blood and guts. People died, people got hurt. Maybe people got damaged beyond repair, who knows? So, to be more precise, Joyce is inclined to call this an *'I'm just glad my boys are alive'*-ending. A *'good enough'*-ending. Because Bob is dead. Will is traumatized, he is suffering nightmares day and night, and still he is so strong. *So strong.*

He never mentions it. Not to his mother, anyways. It is always Jonathan who tells Joyce about it later, in those hours late at night or shortly before the late December dawn, when they are lying in bed together. It is then, in the afterglow of those heinous acts they commit because it gives them both comfort, that Jonathan pours his heart out to her. It's never about work, about figuring out how to pay the power bill, or how to make it in college next year.

The only thing Joyce's eldest is always concerned about is his little brother. How he comes to him in the dead of night sobbing, asking to sleep in his bed. How Jonathan holds his frail, shaking body in his arms until he falls asleep.

And if that concern for her baby boy's well-being wasn't enough, there is also that bitter realization that, no matter what happens, Will likely won't allow her to take him to a doctor. He is so afraid of that, the tests, the cables, the needles, the disinfectant, hospital gowns and

white lab coats. Joyce just can't put him through this against his will. It would make things worse, and turn her son from broken to destroyed.

It is a burden she keeps with her wherever she goes these days. At somehow limits her ability to reach and stock up the higher shelves at work. It makes her drive even more vigorously than she usually does, which even gets her in trouble with Deputy Callahan. Hopper gets her out of that mess, but that doesn't erase the knowledge that she could have killed that cyclist when she turned on to Pinewood without the obligatory shoulder check.

These rare nights with Jonathan are grounding in that regard, despite them discussing Will's condition. Of course, they can only do it when her younger son is out of the house, but that is enough for her. Enough for the both of them to ease the pain and stress a little. Who knows, maybe one of these nights they might even come up with a solution. If there is one.

As a mother, Joyce should think what they do together is wrong. She doesn't, however. It started out with her helping him through a hard time, which just couldn't have been wrong. Then it turned into them helping each other. Helping by loving each other. They both consent to it. Not only that, they both take their energy from it, their drive for the every day hassle they have to go through. So, no, Joyce doesn't think it's wrong.

---

„Will?“ Jonathan's strong voice hollers through the small, run down

house.

„Yeah?“ Will's high-pitched one comes back.

„Breakfast! Come on bud, you gotta hit that growth spurt eventually!“

Joyce smiles into her fist fondly at how fatherly her older son is treating Will. They are just perfect together, and Joyce couldn't be more grateful for that. How is she ever going to deal with Jonathan leaving? Mercifully, that is still almost a year away.

Will arrives in the kitchen shortly thereafter, still clad in his pajamas. It is a Saturday, after all, and Joyce never had a problem with letting their children spend a weekend in pajamas. Especially if it is a cold, snowy one only a week before Christmas.

As Jonathan serves all three of them their portion of expertly made French Toast, along with a mixture of cinnamon and sugar, that he ironically calls his *„special blend“*, Joyce notices a few things about Will. One, that Jonathan seems to see too.

„Hey, looks like you're finally filling up a little.“ he smiles. That is true, and it's like an early Christmas present to Joyce. Will has always been scrawny, from the beginning, but the last year, the worst year of his young life, has left him just slightly taller, but that much thinner. He still is, but less worryingly so. Perhaps, at least the physical effects of his possession will now revert themselves.

Joyce also notices something about Will that Jonathan doesn't see, and she can't blame him for that. She is still proud to say, no one knows Will like she does, and she precisely memorizes his every movement. This morning, something is different. It's the way he walks. Just the slightest of limps accompanies the steps of his bare feet. She can't make out any bruises on them, though, so the problem might be located higher up.

„Honey.“ she says gently, as Will sits down at the breakfast table. „Have you hurt yourself?“

„Huh?“ he peeks up. „Uh... no. No, I'm fine. Why?“ Jonathan takes his place too, now watching his brother intently. If Joyce could love him any more than she already does, that would be one of the reasons.

„It's just, I think you were walking funny. Just a little bit?“

„I'm fine, mom. Really.“ Her younger son's smile is reassuring enough for the moment. Joyce isn't quite satisfied with his answer, but lets it rest for now.

Jonathan isn't quite ready for that. „Bud, if you're in pain, tell us, okay? No doctors.“ He raises an eyebrow in Joyce's direction.

„No doctors.“ she confirms. „But if you say you're alright, that's enough for me. Let's have our delicious breakfast before it gets cold.“

Jonathan nods, sighing but seemingly assured for the moment. Will looks content with his French Toast, and usually Joyce might scold him for chewing with his mouth open like that. She can't bring herself to, though. If she has to be honest, she is having a hard time not stuffing that perfect breakfast into her mouth too.

How did Jonathan end up such an amazing cook? French Toast! It's simple. One of the simplest dishes either of them know, and still Joyce can manage to mess it up, while Jonathan always turns it into a delicacy. Whatever it is, the precise amount of milk he always adds to the eggs, his *'special blend'*, that just has to contain more than sugar and cinnamon, it is truly special. Or is it just the sweetest of ingredients, *a mother's pride*?

Will appears to be reading his mother's thoughts. „This is the best breakfast ever.“ he grunts, still chewing, still stuffing.

Jonathan smiles at his brother. „Then I'll better go make more of it. Eat up, you need it. More for you too, mom?“

„I...“ Joyce sighs. „If you ask this nicely.“ Admittedly, she is a bit self conscious about how her body is changing. That includes that small roll of fat on her stomach. But who is she to decline more, if her son gladly makes it for her?

The thought of Will's limp doesn't exactly leave her thoughts the entire day, though. It is gone after breakfast, but perhaps he is just playing over it a little better. For now, she has to rest assured she is not going to be so yielding if it ever comes up again. It doesn't ruin their Saturday, though. It turns out a wonderfully lazy day, with all three of them spending most of their time on the couch, Will alternating between snuggling up against Jonathan and Joyce, until

they eventually take him in the middle between them. It is only the third time that *It's a Wonderful Life* is on TV this year, so they are not quite fed up with it.

---

Joyce needs time to recover, like she always does. Lying there in her bed, slick with boiling hot sweat, she can't really say she was a chaste girl. There were guys before Lonnie. Joyce would never go as far and call her former self a slut, but yeah, she has some experience regarding men. But with none of them, not with Matthew, Edward, Hopper, Lonnie, or Bob, has she ever experienced anything like this.

It always is heavenly ecstasy, explosion after explosion of electric current, and then, when Jonathan eventually leaves her like he has to, it's emptiness. Sometimes, her inner walls still flutter, seeking friction where there is none, even a minute after it is over. She can't blame Jonathan for this, knowing full well what overstimulation does to men. But he wouldn't be Jonathan if he didn't make it better.

Not only does he always press his body against hers, creating warmth, safety and deepest relaxation, he also uses his fingers to ease Joyce through this period of aching withdrawal. His digits enter her, they slowly slide in and out, they press down on those particular spots he found all by himself. And, when it's a particularly bad, or needy day for her, he lets his thumb circle with slight pressure on that little nub that has her legs twitching at every touch. Doing this, he often coaxes another orgasm, sometimes even two out of her. And no matter what is bugging her that day, it is forgotten in a blissful haze of pleasure after that.

Tonight isn't one of these nights, though. They are both thinking, and that's okay. It's these late night talks that always stay on Joyce's mind the longest. They produce results.

„Mom?“ Jonathan mumbles, strong hand gently resting on her left breast. „What do you think, why was Will limping this morning?“

Her heartbeat slowly steadying, she takes a deep breath. „I have no idea. Do you think he'd say something if it was serious?“

„Maybe. I mean, it's hard to just ask him about these things.“ His mind completely absent, Jonathan lets his thumb circle her nipple, a tingling sensation erupts from there, and Joyce relaxes fully against her son's well defined body, enjoying the feeling of damp skin on damp skin. „He trusts you, mom. You know that, right?“

„Sometimes I think he trusts you more.“ she says lightly. If that is true, it doesn't bother Joyce. The connection her sons share has always been special and impenetrable. „Can you just promise me something?“

„Anything.“

„He might tell you.“ Joyce sighs. „And he might beg you not to tell me. But... if it's got anything to do with last year, or if he is in danger-“

„I'll tell you.“ Jonathan solemnly says. „I swear.“



„He might not forgive you.“ she warns her son. „If we have to go see a doctor, I mean.“

„Hey.“ Jonathan leans in to press a long, gentle kiss on her lips. „I’m always gonna do what’s best for Will. Whatever the consequences may be.“

Joyce reciprocates by repeating the kiss, this time parting her lips, letting her tongue enter her son and entangle with his. „How do I deserve a son like you?“ Her nimble hand finds its way down from his flat but firm pecs, slowly stroking on his perfectly flat stomach, down to that patch of coarse hair, that she loves to run her fingernails through.

„You’re up for more?“ Jonathan breathes.

„Please.“ Joyce presses her face into his shoulder to breathe in everything that makes her son *her son*. The sweat, his arousing, manly musk, the hint of herself from when he used his tongue on her, and finally, the smell of Jonathan. His very own scent that is so unique, and that makes him one of a kind. „Just... slow. Okay?“

„Slow.“ he repeats, smiling wearily. „Yeah.“

And they do it slowly, lazily, without any haste or pressure. Jonathan slips inside forcefully though, as deep as he can go with his impressive length, and the way they are lying chest to chest, he never breaks skin contact, constantly showering her neck and collarbone in

gentle kisses. His heavy movements guide Joyce through her endless release, that leaves her half passed out.

---

Her hopes don't fulfill these next days. Her son doesn't confide what happened to him to anyone, not even to Jonathan, although he crawls into his older brother's bed more than once. It is good to see that Will doesn't limp anymore; there is not even a hint of pain or discomfort visible on him the week leading up to Christmas. Still, he *did* limp, despite his constant reassurances that it was nothing. Joyce didn't imagine that.

Perhaps she is just overly sensitive. While mildly pathetic, this would also be natural. Horrible things happened to her younger son, and he isn't the only one these events left with mental scars. Joyce tries not to think about this too much, though, instead trying to spread a little Christmas joy by decorating the house and baking cookies.

And then it's there. Well, not yet, but it's close. Christmas Eve is upon them, with everything that comes with it. A feast, that Jonathan will cook mercifully, to ensure it's actually going to be good. They are going to spend time as a family, just the three of them. Joyce will let both her sons try her eggnog, that she makes with a certain amount of Rum to give it that extra spice and warmth for these cold days. Will might not like it, so she plans to prepare some without the Rum so he doesn't feel left out. As if that was could ever be a problem in her little family.

All that is still hours away, though. Joyce's alarm clock reads

10:50PM when she wakes. Exhausted from a day of work, both she and Jonathan went to bed early that night to catch up on some sleep. Her reason to sit up in her bed hits her quickly. It's thirst. Her mouth and throat are dried up entirely, and feel at risk of actually crumbling to dust at the slightest movement or attempt to talk. It is even painful, to some degree.

Lazily, but without sighing, she sets her feet down on the carpet to let them feel for her pink slippers, in which she then slides effortlessly. These are obligatory in these months, since they keep the electric heaters off in most of the house at night to save some money. The living room and kitchen are usually cold, not unbearably so, but cold enough to be uncomfortable to pass without thick socks or slippers.

The short hall is empty and quiet as she carefully taps from her bedroom to the kitchen. The tap water she pulls herself is freezing cold. So cold that it begins hurting her head when she chugs it down, desperate for the liquid to revive her sore throat. Lucky for her, it does just that, and after three glasses Joyce feels hydrated as she should.

Her gaze catches the window. Light trickles out there just enough for her to see the puffy, white flakes that come tumbling from the clouds above to wrap the world outside in their cold embrace. Some are so large, Joyce can see the unique patterns in them with the naked eye. They're going to end up snowed in to some degree, as it now looks. Nothing that hasn't happened before. It never got bad enough for the family to be actually stuck in the house, and Joyce doesn't worry about it.

It's with a feeling of lightness and relief that she turns to go back to bed. Just two months ago she had every reason to fear her younger son wouldn't live to see the snow fall. He doesn't like it anymore like

he used to before all that happened. He hates the cold now. To Joyce, though, the snow is a swirling reminder of the fact that time is going to put a healthy distance between Will and the horrible things he went through.

Joyce passes his room, and stops abruptly. There is frantic movement behind his door. Whimpering. Some sobbing. It sounds like Will is throwing and thrashing in his bed again, like he so often does. There is no contemplation involved here. Joyce knows what she has to do. She doesn't waste time with being gentle with her knocking on his door. Will has to be woken up, that's the whole point of it.

„Honey!“ she says loud enough for Will to hear but for Jonathan to stay asleep. „Are you okay?“ The noises stop immediately, but Joyce gives Will some time to collect himself. He doesn't like her just barging in, that much she knows.

„C-come in.“ Joyce hears his faint voice eventually, so she creaks the door open slowly, sticking her head inside first. It's too dark to see a lot. Once completely inside, with eyes adapting to the darkness, Will comes into view, though, sitting upright against the headboard of his bed. „Mom?“

„Hey, honey.“ Joyce sits down by his bedside to be able to feel his temperature. No fever, but his hair is damp with night sweat, and his room smells accordingly. The entire impression is so ambivalent. Will's small, scrawny body shivering in his sheets, childlike and scared, but on the other hand the smell that is somehow more grown up than it was just a few months back. „Did you have a nightmare?“

Will shakes his head. „I'm good. R-really. It's okay.“

That is odd now. He wouldn't lie to her about this. Okay, Joyce has to take it like that, then. No nightmare. But something is definitely wrong here, and she can't shed the feeling it's somehow connected to Will's condition last Saturday. He looks at her like the deer she ran over in her father's car when she was seventeen. Wide, wet doe-eyes in bright headlights, chest heaving frantically.

Joyce bites her lip. „Do you... maybe want me to get Jonathan over?“

He shakes his head again. „Don't wake him up. I'm alright, I promise!“

„Baby, you're crying.“ Joyce sighs. „Don't you trust me?“ She leans over to embrace her son. Her palms and forearms feel his every rib, his sharp shoulder blades, his labored breaths as he begins to sob against her nightgown.

„No doctors!“ he whimpers. „No doctors! Promise! You have to promise!“

„Honey...“ Joyce gulps. God, how she would love to be able to promise this. The fact of the matter is, though, Will might need a doctor. And if that's the case, she can't promise anything. „I have to know what's going on before I can promise you anything. Will you tell me?“

„C-can't!“ Will sobs pitifully. „Can't!“

Joyce hushes into his ear as gently as she can. „You can tell me anything. I love you. No matter what. Okay?“

„Can't tell you!“ Will insists, and this time Joyce pulls back just enough to see the heavy blush on his soft cheeks. Well, now there is a suspicion, and maybe it's not that bad. He likely doesn't need a doctor. And he probably wasn't thrashing around with a nightmare just minutes ago.

„Would you be more comfortable with telling Jonathan?“ she inquires. „Like... boy talk?“

„N-no.“ Her son lets his head drop, eyes closed in utter resignation. „He can't do anything. I'm...“ Now the floodgates *really* open. „I think something's wrong!“ he whines against her, as he pulls himself close again.

„Wrong like-“ Joyce cuts herself off, a heavy stone sinking inside of her guts. She would trust Jonathan with talking to Will about issues like those he seems to have. But Will doesn't want to talk to his brother, he has made that clear.

„Like broken.“ the boy hiccups. „At school they... they... all... talk... talk about it... a-a-and it d-doesn't... doesn't work!“

This is developing into a full-blown panic attack. Before she can do anything else, Joyce needs to calm him. „Honey, it's okay. No matter what it is, we're figuring it out, okay? Can you look at me?“ To her

immense relief, Will can. His pupils are so wide they seem to take up the entirety of his eyeballs. „Good. Can you tell me now? Please.“

„Okay.“ he sniffs. „Okay. It’s... it’s about what the b-boys always t-t-talk about. H-how they... do this... thing...”

Dammit, how is Joyce supposed to handle this? No book on parenting could ever prepare a mother for this. Not that she ever read any. It’s good that Will goes on by his own.

„It doesn’t work for me.“ he chokes out quickly, to get it over with. „I tried... I mean...”

„I know what you mean.“ Joyce whispers. He has to know, he doesn’t have to go on explaining this sensitive topic to his mother. She understands, now it’s her turn to talk. „Is that why you were walking funny the other day? Did you hurt yourself, honey?”

Avoiding her eyes, he nods. „But not too bad. It’s... nothing.“

„And you just tried again?”

Will nods again.

„Does it hurt?” It’s hard not to let him feel that she is mildly uncomfortable with this. Which is odd in itself. One son, she has sex with. The other is making her uncomfortable just by talking about a

subject like masturbation.

„Y-you stopped me.“ Will mumbles. „Doesn't hurt.“

Joyce takes a deep breath. She knows what can happen when boys aren't careful. Things like a torn foreskin. Bruising. That would require a doctor. Years ago, this was easy. Joyce took care of everything concerning Will. She made sure his testicles dropped. She watched over his development, ensuring that his foreskin was retractable in his later childhood. She washed him down there, like every mother does for her son until he is able to do that by himself. And now, she might have to go back to some of that. To spare him a visit to the doctor.

„Will...“ she carefully says. „Will you let me take a look? Just so... so we don't have to go see a doctor?“ Joyce leans over to switch on the light, that momentarily stings in her eyes.

Will flinches. „It's... I mean... no doctors?“

„No doctors.“ Joyce promises, realizing how cruel this actually is. Really, she is doing nothing else than pressuring her son into showing his most private parts to her.

And he does so only hesitantly, slowly pulling the blanket off of him. Something tells Joyce he didn't pull his briefs back up before she came in, though she can't be sure since she is still holding eye contact, hopefully providing some comfort. „Is it okay if I look now?“ she asks one final time, and Will nods. He keeps his eyes closed for this, and maybe it's for the best.



Joyce then looks, and, well, what can she say? It's a penis. And about as far developed as she imagined. Will is small for his age, but his size down there could be called average. The color is all uniform, nice and clean with the foreskin pulled up. In regards to hair, there is some. A few dark brown curls, but otherwise it's all this white, soft fuzz that is only visible at closer inspection. But, to the important parts. There is no blood. That's good. No dried blood or bruises either. No scars, no visible tears, nothing out of the ordinary. And that takes an immense load off of Joyce's shoulders.

„I can't see anything wrong.“ she says, turning back to Will. „Honey, you're okay.“

„B-but...“ he snuffles. „...why does it hurt then. W-why doesn't it... work?“

She sighs, resting a hand carefully on his thigh, hoping this isn't awkward. „Baby, you can't force these things. That hurts you. I mean... maybe you were too fast. Or... you did it too hard.“ *You did it.* These aren't words a mother should direct at her son. At least not at the one she doesn't fuck at least once a week.

„I... what can I do?“ he croaks after a moment of shivering.

„Just...“ God, Joyce really has to give her thirteen year old masturbation advice. „...be gentle. Don't start out too hard and... slowly build it up to something you're- oh.“

Will notices it too. Obviously. He is quick to pull the blanket back over his rapidly hardening penis, but Joyce gets a glimpse of his erect size and girth before he manages to cover himself entirely. „Mom!“ he chokes up for some reason, as if she had just invaded his privacy with malicious intent.

„Baby, it’s fine. That’s just what happens.“ she tries to play it casual. In truth, there is nothing casual about it. Joyce wants to see more. She might even want to touch, even if it’s wrong. It surely can’t be any more wrong than having her seventeen year old for a lover. „Do you maybe... want me to... help?“ Joyce whispers.

„Help?“ Will squeals.

„Yeah. Like this.“ Joyce skillfully slides her hand under the blanket, and Will doesn’t make any attempt at stopping her. He just cramps his entire body a little when her hand finds what it’s looking for, palming at it, before enveloping the small length of it. It’s different than Jonathan’s, naturally. Smaller, not that of a man yet, but it’s so soft. And it’s growing. Both right now in Joyce’s hand, and in general. That is really the only regard in which her boys come after their father, and it’s good that way.

„Look.“ Joyce says, pulling the blanket off carefully. „I’m not gripping too tight.“ A year earlier, this would have seemed sick to her. But again, she has had Jonathan in bed. Giving her younger son a little lesson in how to handle himself safely can’t make it any worse now. It’s for his own good, and Will doesn’t disagree. If he did, she’d stop this instant.

„I’m just taking it real slow now, okay? Is this good?“ She begins with the lightest of strokes, only so that her son’s foreskin is

retracted, before sliding it back over the bright red head. „Good?“ she repeats after the first few seconds.

„Good.“ Will confirms, maybe a bit shocked at this development. „Really good.“

„So I was right? You were going at it too hard?“

„I... god... I guess.“

Joyce smiles. She knows this his giving him quite a lot of pleasure right now. It's more than fulfilling to know she can actually be of help here. Her fingers don't change their pace up and down his smooth, short shaft, careful not to brush over the head, even with the foreskin as a protective barrier. Will is already sensitive as it is, evident by how he is whining now.

„Oh...“ he grunts, bucking his hips against her hand. A few droplets from him lubricate her palm, and something tells her Will has never been this far before. He is certainly far enough for her to vary speed and grip a little, to give him a better impression of what he might enjoy. That's what it's about, his enjoyment, his safety. A good mother can't have her son tearing himself up.

His face is such a beautiful sight right now, awash with the bliss and pleasure she is causing him. „Yeah, that's good, isn't it?“ she coos. Her own wetness is distracting, but Joyce tries to push it away, as this isn't the time for her to touch herself. Someone else is more than willing to take care of these needs. „Still good?“

A few little tears trickle down from the corners of her son's eyes. „Yeah.“ he moans, his entire little body quivering under her loving touch. Joyce just has to make herself aware, this is his first time feeling these kinds of things. He never has before, and she, *his mother*, is there to guide him through it. She is obliged to make it good.

„Love you, baby.“ she sighs, not letting go, but slowing down to stretch it a little, to make it better that way.

„Love you too.“ Will's small hands and arms extend in her direction, and Joyce takes it as an invitation to make them both a little more comfortable. This time, she has to let go for a short while, which coaxes a faint whine out of her son. Climbing onto the bed next to him, she gathers his thin stature in her lap, which allows her to simultaneously stroke his erection, while pressing her lips to his forehead and mumbling some well deserved praise to him.

„You're doing so good. Just let mommy handle it this time.“ Will's little cock twitches between her fingers at her words. „Just wait. Soon it's gonna be really good.“ The hand which she uses to hold him in place kneads into his flat behind, kneading there ever so gently.

„Hah... mom I... mom!“ There is just this small amount of fear to Will's voice that Joyce can't ignore. She slows her pace again to give him time to breathe.

„What is it, baby? Anything wrong?“

„I thought... I was gonna... hah... pee.“ he chokes out, making her chuckle against his forehead.

„No.“ she gently assures. „You're not gonna pee. I promise. Do you trust me?“

„Yeah.“ Will nods frantically. „Please.“

He is so close. His breathing has become so erratic, his face is a bright red mess of tears, eyes closed, as Joyce brings her son closer and closer to the edge.

„Look at me?“ she asks gently, and though she doesn't expect him to open his eyes, he does. There is nothing but love in them, and Joyce almost tears up herself, seeing how Will bites his lip when she finally pushes him over.

He involuntarily pulls his knees up, effectively trapping her hand there. He muffles his cries of pleasure by pushing his face into Joyce's shoulder. That works to some degree. Will's entire body curls up, relaxes, curls up in her lap, which goes on for a while, until Joyce can feel warm wetness covering her right hand. That is when she stops pumping, and Will relaxes, still clutching on to the fabric of her nightgown for dear life.

„See? You didn't pee.“ she smirks, then adds „God, sorry.“ at seeing his blush. „It's okay. I think most boys think that when it happens the first time. Was this okay?“

„Yeah.“ Will chokes out. He seemingly can't decide where to look, eyes and head searching around the room for something. His shaking hand eventually finds the box of Kleenex on his nightstand; Joyce smirks at his presence of mind. Will's fingers are shaking too much to clean himself up, though, so Joyce does it for the both of them. Will yawns cutely in the process, curling up a bit in her lap.

„Are you feeling better, honey?“

Will nods sluggishly, before nuzzling against her shoulder once more.

„You're sleepy?“ she whispers gently.

„I'm tired.“ he confirms, yawning yet again.

„Want me to stay?“

„Please.“

Joyce doesn't need another word from her son, who is slowly drifting off already. She carefully lays him down with enough room left for herself, drapes the blanket over them both, and inches a bit closer to him. Will can barely pull himself closer now. „It's..." he yawns deeply. „...Christmas?“

„Thought you'd remember.“ Joyce chuckles into his hair, her voice not above a whisper. „Just imagine the Christmas dinner your

brother is going to cook for us. And the cookies. That's really all I can make. That, and eggnog. And then it's only one more night until... what happens?" She playfully asks this, expecting him to answer „Presents.“, but that doesn't happen. All she can hear from Will is soft snoring.

**Author's Note:**

Joyce IS a good mother. Don't try to tell me otherwise.